AN AFTERNOON IN CHINATOWN

A Bee Correspondent's Visit to the Celestial Slums of San Francisco.

MYSTERIES OF THE JOSS HOUSE.

A Chinese Funeral-A Paculiar Thes. ter-Some Horrible Dives-The Opium Dens-A Well-Informed Guide.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 1 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-A former policeman in Chinatown was my kind guide through the labyrinth of dirty, narrow streets and torturous dark passages of this Mongolian city, set like an unholy thought on the brow of San Francisco. A foreign seed sprung into a flourishing plantsaring many a delicate flower of art. but whose odor is unclean and whose shade is poisonous.

"Over forty thousand Chinese," said my guide, "live here, who are divided into six colonies coming from different parts of China, each colonly subject to the control and care of one of the six Chinese companies by which all of their affairs in California are managed. Great jealousy prevails between these colonies. In case the members of one work for less money than those of another, bloodshed and murder is the sure

We push our way through the crowded, dirty streets; a glance at every face enexpression, now and then tempered by an unfriendly look. "If," says my guide, "your passage through Chinatown is to gratify the curiosity of newspaper readers, why the deeper we penetrate the slums the better. Are your lungs strong?" he asks, "if so, follow me and take care not to knock your head." Entering a narrow passage, I notice in advance A BLACK HOLE

leading apparently down into the in-fernal regions, and the columns of curl-ing, blue smoke issuing from it intensi-fied the effect, I gathered up my skirts and set my hat firmly on my head. Down a steep, dirty flight of stairs we go into into what seems to be an abode of beasts rather than of human life. Stooping to avoid a blow from beam and rafter, we enter one of two narrow, dark galleries without a particle of ventilation and with only the flame of the little lamps used for melting the opium to il lumine the faces gleaming in their background of blackness like the set faces of the happier dead. They lie, these men, closely huddled together on wooden slabs covered with matting. Some entirely unconscious for eight hours to come; others, one would judge, sadly treering into a lost happy past. One prattled like a little child, while in the deep gloam would roll forth, as from a cost soul, a heavy grean. Above this first tier of beds is yet another PACKED WITH UNCONSCIOUS HUMANITY,

bathed in sickening, terrible air. "Have you had enough of it?" asked my guide "Yes," Iquickly responded, for a former remark of his was forming itself into letters of fire in the horrible blackness. 'Any one of them would stab you in the back for ten cents.

Continuing our walk into questionable ground I learn that out of these thousands but a few legitimate families are maintained. The women are bought and sold like cattle, being shipped from China for \$600 aviece by the companies to which they practically become slaves for life. They live in narrow, illsmelling streets. For Chinese they are many of them pretty and their little rooms are neat and decorated with gay, fluttering papers, and with an hideous god before which they constantly burn a lamp. They were much pleased with my je siry, one of them grabbing a pin d siring Accompanied by our guide we visit a

nessed was played with dominoes dealt face down and the scenes which there met our eyes were disgustingly villainous.

"For ways that are dark, And tricks that are vain, The heathen Chinese is peculiar!" "Now," said my guide, "as a heathen antidote to these views of Chinese im-moral life, let us visit

THE JOSS HOUSE." We loiter on our way at an apothecary shop to see the balms for every Chinese ill. These people wisely, or unwisely, never take our drugs, but roots and herbs of their own; and, when it is required, a izzard skin is ground into powder as are beetles and the horns of animals. On shelves, piled one above the other, were

dried lizard skins, tied, a dozen together. Next to this shop is a jewelry manufac-tory where really fine gold work is exe-

cuted in a very primitive manner.

The streets are all of them narrow, and greasy, and throughout permeated by but one of us lifted our skirts and both of us our noses, thus passed it all and entered the ground floor of the joss house which is devoted to offices of high Chinese dignitaries. Eager in a discussion of some absorbing subject and stiff in their silk robes, they disdained to notice us. We climbed the stairs and entered their house of worship. A truly beautiful room with a large window opening onto a balcony commending a opening onto a balcony, commanding a magnificent prospect of this Pacific city, like Jerusalem, "Golden, with milk and honey blessed." At the further end of the room, resting on an alter, are five gods, cut off at the waist. They are of wood painted a bronze red, with fierce black moustaches and almond shaped eyes. Before each one stood two cups of tea, "which," said my guide, "are placed there every night, and these people think their idols drink it, for in the morning it is gone; but (with disgust) the rats drink it, or it evaporates," Before this altar lie on the floor two red velvet pillows on which the worshipers neel, clasp their hands and touch the floor with their foreheads. One altar is handsomely ornamented by beautiful allegorical figures in gold, horses, chariots and men, all protected by glass, which is claimed to be over two thousand years old. Exquisite embroideries of silk and gold thread, and banners gold fringed, hang from the ceilings and decorate the walls, a magnificent room.

My attention is altracted to a vase resting on an altar containing a collection of narrow, wooden sticks each one beening a number. 'If,' he says "a Chinaman is sick, he drags himself, sometimes on hands and knees up the fore this altar lie on the floor two red sometimes on hands and knees up the stairs to this altar, feverishly grasps this vase, shakes it and turns the sticks out on the attar, blindly selects one, (of course the god influences him to take the right one) carrying the number of it to the apothecary's shop; he buys the medicine bearing the corresponding number." A small furnace in the corner provokes my uriosity, and I learn from my guide that when a rich man makes a present to the joss house, he comes here, and to oblit-erate the pious act, and keep it from the

ACHINESE FUNERAL?"

inquired my guide. As I had not, he said that "after the hearse always follows a wagon well laden with food for the spirit of the dead one to feast on in the other world, among this is always a roast pig and roat cat, which are the

knowledge of the world burns a piece of joss paper in this furnace and with it, all pride in his well doing. A small portiolo contains curiously cut bits of paper,

which "are fluttered over the left shoul-der of a man seated by the driver of the

hearse in a funeral procession to keep off the evil spirit. Did you ever see

next day taken to the butchers and sold,"
well flavored with cemetery dews.
We entered the gaping, dingy door of
a tenement house, three or four stories
high, builtlike a Spanish, house with a court in the center and balconies sur-

rounding it. The rooms were very small, each one occupied by sixteen people, or more. In the center of the court, attached to the building by covered ways were little, open rooms, one for each story, used at once as kitched and for the sanitary purposes of the household. Here both men and women sanitary purposes of the household. Here both men and women were cooking and the smoke filled the air to suffocation. In court stood baskets of garbage and lay piles of dirt poisoning the air. "What," said I to my guide, "prevents these people from dying by the hundreds from ever existing fever?" The use of so much opium, he thought, acted as a disinfectant and prevented them being utterly wiped away. Several cases of leprosy, he told me, have been discovered. For this disease they now have a pest house. The first case was surprised pest house. The first case was surprised in the principal laundry, where they were endeavoring to conceal it, so as to be able to send the bones of the victim back

to China. Imagine the panic this caused. This place was a horrible as any we visited, so we hastened away from it.

Two theatres are supported in Chinatown, one opening at at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, the other at half-past five. Said the guide: "They perform one act an evening which lasts until midnight, and would go on forever if we permitted it." A whole play continues for six months, even a longer period is covered. visited, so we hastened away from it.

covered.
"We will enter the theatre," he said "We will enter the theatre," he said,
"by the way of the green room," so I
smoothed my hair preparing to enjoy
myself. Little dreaming of the horrory
before me! "The way is dark," said mid
guide, "and again look out for your heas
and shoulders." We entered a long,
darkening passage, until after darkness
enveloped us. Smoke filled my lungs
and a red glare my eyes, which, I saw and a red glare my eyes, which, I saw through scalding tears, proceeded from a stove over which stooped THE HALF NUDE FIGURE

of a man, who the guide explained from the widening distance between us, was cooking the actor's midnight supper. Down a flight of stairs, yet up another, when a wild outburst of hidious music struck my confounded ear. Wild terror seized me, and at the same time a ray of blessed light surrounded me. "Here," said the tranquil voice of the guide, "is the door of the green room; and he pushed open the door just as the colossal figure of an actor, more grotesquely dressed than anything their fans depict and horribly painted, gave a frightful yell directly in our faces. I would gladly have fled, but was surrounded by uncouth figures, gesturing and shricking, besmeared and smirched with paint. The face and head painted white with wide stripes of black appearing to terminate in two long feathers; and these figures kept time to unearthly instruments, there was no escape. Drawing aside a curtain the guide pushed me onto the stage, in the face of the face of the audience. "Sit down" he smilingly said.
And we sat down, right in the midst of
a Chinese plot. My late terror burst
from me in great drops of prespiration,
but composure came back as I observed that ueithar actors nor audience noticed us in the least. It was impossible for us to understand what they sang, or talked about, but, whatever it was, it tickled the ear of the audience. Their plays are said to be founded upon historical facts al-together, and I should judge that they correctly imitated the dress of the period of those arts which are now lost to us. The female parts were creditably sus-tained by men, the glossy black hair tained by men, the glossy black hair elaborately dressed and filled with full pink rosesf and gala ornaments. Their step mineing, and voice falsetto, The robes and gowns were of costly stuffs, but hideously cut. It would be difficult to describe their so-called music, it was a norrid noise o'er topped by the crash of cymbals. The auditor-ium was filled with men and byys, and one balcony was devoted to the use of

women. The noise drove us away, and we descended from the stage to the floor by means of some rickety old steps. One glance back discovered the collossal figure of the man who greeted us at the door, seated under a red canopy accepting a dainty cup of tea from an embar-rassed mincing damsel. Thus we left

Many of the houses of the better class present a decidedly respectable appearance, all more or less, decorated with the ever lasting lantern, and from a few, floats the Chinese flag with its ugly dragon device.

GRACE DEANE HUNT.

As to Rip Van Winkle. Henry Watterson in Louisville Courier-Journal: Rip Van Winkle is altogether the best known and best loved character of American fiction. There are boys to whom Leatherstockings is but a name. There are boys who never heard of Henry Birch. Is there a boy anywhere who is not personally and intimately acquainted with the lazy, liquor-loving vagabond whom the gentle conceit and loving fancy of the master of Sunnyside brought into the world of spirits-I was about to say of spirits and water-and whom the great comedian rescued thence and immortalized?

Mr. Joseph Jefferson has made fame and fortune out of "Rip Van Winkle." But who shall grudge him any part of his profit? Surely, if Rip were alive, he would not. Seeing his counterfeit presentment, he would go to his grave again, happy to leave upon the stage so delightful a representative, and he would say to Mr. Jefferson, "I drink your good health, and your family's, and may you live long

Yet one, as they seem, the character of Rip Van Winkle did not come to Mr. Jefferson at once. It grew up in him, as it were. That play now acted and familiar to the present generation of play-goers differs materially from the original piece, in which Rip's personality began to develop itself; in that early production, the wife dies, and Rip returns after his twenty years' sleep to find no arms waiting to embrace him. The apex of the final act, turned upon the death of the wife. turned upon the death of the wife. The old man has asked about every one except Gretchen—about Mrs. Van Winkle. A length-you feel what is coming—there is an expression of anxious humor, half of dread and half of love and hope, and the question is put. It receives the fatal answer. She is dead. Grief spreads instantaneous over the kindly weatherbeaten face. Tears fill the eyes. Then from the lips the words issue wailingly, "She led me a hard life—a hard life—but she was the wife of my bosom—she was mein frou," and the head sinks into the hands, and the theatre is a snow storm of

white cambric.

The legend of "Rip Van Winkle" sprang from one of those primitive suggestions which are so simple and universal as to be heaven-born. It was the good fortune hardly less than the genius of Irving first to give it a local habitation, and one essentially suited to it, and a name which took hold upon the popular imagination. But not less to the actor than to the man of letters we are indebted for those enduring and endearing charms which make Rip a member of every happy household. What a debt of gratitude do we not owe these congenial spirits—so much alike in the virtue of their lives and in their intellectual characteristics—for ourselves and fer our children. And what a blank would there not have been in the literature of our grown up nurseries, if Washington Irving had not written and Joseph Jefferson had not played "Rip Van Winkle." As well might we dispense with "Robinson Crusoe," or "Lemuel Gulliver." JOHN J. ASTOR'S NEW HOME.

A Villa Which Will Be Unparalleled in a Point of Beauty and Comfort-

GENERAL SHERMAN'S WEAKNESS

The Jewish Home-An Expensive Liver-Pad - An Honorable Lord-Clara Belle's Letter.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8 .- [Correspondence

of the BEE.]-John Jacob Astor has bought a new home, and society, on its return to town finds the topic one to discuss. That Astor would feel the need of a new summer residence strikes as odd those who know of his Newport villa. In all probability he would be able to go on for the rest of his life with the houses already at his command, but there are certain reasons why a residence at Irvington or thereabouts, should be desirable to him. They are all summed up in the fact that the wealth and fashion of the metropolis is established there. From Yonkers to Tarrytown-the left bank of the Hudson-is an almost uninterrupted line of country estates of wealthy New Yorkers. The interruptions consist almost entirely in the business centers of little communities like Irvington. This line of summer residences is at its greatest as measured by wealth, at a point about twenty-four miles north of this city. Just there John Jacob Astor has just bought a ready made villa with forty-three acres of ground attached, and paid therefor \$160,000 in cash. Not a very significant sum for one who keeps several millions constantly available for the purchase of new property when occasion offers. The event is more interesting as it indicates something of the taste and motives of the greatest landlord in America. It is further interesting because the seller of the property was Mr. Cyrus W. Field. The latter's

RECENT EMBARRASSMENTS have nothing to do with this transaction Mr. Field originally bought the property for the use of his daughter, Mrs. Lindley, and he says in explanation of the transfer that she did not care to occupy the premises, and that he had no other use for them. Certainly he has enough land left in the vicinity to fit out with summer residences a family much larger than hes own, throwing in even a good many distant relatives. Between Irvington and Dobbs Ferry, a fashionable center a few miles to the south, Mr. Field owns upwards of 900 acres all adjacent to the Hudson and much of it improved. He had an acute attack of Anglomania one day—a trouble that is chronic with him in a mild form—and named his Hudson river lands "Ardsley Park." Mr. Astor has taken a small section of Ardsley. Nobody but Mr. Field, however, speaks of the place by its British appellation. The portion secured by Astor is known to the people of Irvington as the Cottonet place, from the name of the first owner

who improved the grounds.

It lies out a mile and a half south of the Irvington postoffice, and is reached like other similar estates, by a shady graveled road leading from the magnifi cent highway that runs parallel to Hudson about a mile from its banks. Not far to the north is the comfortable, oldfashioned looking villa of the Harpers. At the south is the Wiley estate, and at the east and north the Alexander Hamil

ton property.

There is a low French-roofed cottage at the entrance by the highway, occupied by the superintendent of the estate, whatever his title may be among Anglomaniacs. It does not have about it the neatness of appearance, or THE PICTURESQUE WILDNESS

one of which features usually character izes a porter's lodge. The grass about the doorway looks unkempt, weeds mingle with the few flower bushes, and a lazy dog snoozing in a patch of sunlight is the only sign of life. The driveway leading towards the Hudson begins in fairly good condition at the highway. double row of trees line each side, so that the shade is dense. It is apparent that the original intention was to have the space between the rows of trees on either side improved and used for footpaths, but the improvement if ever made has been obliterated by successive seasons of neglect. The spaces are overgrown with rank grass and weeds, pine cones lie in disorderly abundance everywhere, and broken twigs add to the confusion. Still the visitor would receive no very un-favorable impression of the property from these features. They might be charged simply to the caprice of the owner who had changed his plans. But a decidedly bad impression is inevitable after going a few rods along the driveway. It becomes evident that no pains has been taken to renew the gravel, or to repair the effect of rain storms. One can not help wondering how it should happen that in a community of exceedingly wealthy men, one of the most prominent should not keep the approach to his house in the neat, apple pie order

that always distinguishes the rich man' Let us look at a contrast in homes. met an old lady lately whose church had been doing a great thing for her. She was decrepid, feeble and old. I came upon her when her few cherished bits of furniture, mementoes of the past, were in process of removal, and the ancient dame herself was being carted off to a brand new certice for the reception of the old. Two fierce looking women were ruthlessly picking and throwing out the hoarded rubbish so dear to the old lady. They discoursed on the great good luck of my venerable friend in having a haven of rest to go to, and invited me to call some time and view the wonderful insti-tution where old ladies finished their days in a chill sort of comfort that was genteel to witness. So I bade good-bye to the lucky woman, who said at parting: "This is the first time I've felt reconciled to the death of my husband." Poor, sad heart. As she saw all the old paper boxes, whose bottoms were certainly sawed in emptied of their contents into a waste barrel; saw the old chest of drawers that had held pitiful remnants of her wardrobes carted off; she enjoyed that her old husband was not to be put away from her with all the rest. There is but

ONE CHARITABLE INSTITUTION
I know of in all New York that is a real delight to visit. That one is the Jewish home for the aged. The Jews are re-markable for their charity to their own, but this place exceeds anything of the kind in its provisions for the aged heart as well as the aged body. Beneath its roof husband and wife dwell together in rooms the perfection of neatness and comfort. The old Abraham and Sarahs comfort. The old Abraham and Sarahs sit side by side, and talk over the days of their youth. The fact that they have seven meals a day will strike you as an embarrassment of victuals. The knowledge that there is a big smoking room in the basement, where the antodiluvians play penoclo and dominoes for such light stakes as lucifer matches, will surprise you. But to see the love that has endured between husmatches, will surprise you. But to see the love that has endured between husband and wife for a life time, sustained and cherished by charity, will astonish you. It is the noblest sight I know of on the island.

And it is the only place where women is known to boast of age. They have a centenarian, their show old baby, aged 108. After an interview with this relie of the past, you will always be met outside by some old Jewess who will assure you the institution is all wrong about that 108. The speaker is himety-seven and knows positively that the superiority of age belongs to her, not to that fraud in the little room. They will call attention to their time worn faces, and demand you shall use your own judgment if they don't look ever so much older than the

108 article.
One of the foundation stones of this edince is cleantiness. As each inmate arrives, he or she is fitted out with three suits of clothing, which must be looked after, if possible, by the wearer. They are bathed, combed, brushed and shampooed and made to commence the last course of life in the best possible condi-tion. Almost all the recipients of this Jewish bounty conform with delight to the pleasant rules, but occasionally a case crops up that is fuuny. One awful day an aged Prussian Jew arrrived with a stuffed and greasy portmanteau. He was uncombed and unkempt. His credentials were all right. He was

A PROPER CANDIDATE for admission. He was invited in and shown directly to the laundry where they washed and ironed old men. He made a stand at the tub indignant. Wash? Not much. He swore by the beard of Abraham, and by Sarah's back hair, that he had not bathed in seventy years. He'd not adopt so foolish a cus-tom at that late day. So he picked up his bundle and went out into the storm, convinced that he world held much more comfortable spots for him than that luxurious institution with its inevitable bath An admirer of pretty women in an entirely decorous and dignified way is GENERAL SHERMAN,

and he displays no prejudice against them when they are actresses. He was on view at the trial of Admiral Porter's play, sitting in the stage corner of a proscenium box. There was not much n the drama to prevent me from watch ing the ex-warrior, and he made no dis-guise of the interest he took in the nine comely actresses concerned in the per-formance. He was so close to them, and so conspicuously situated, that he seemed a part of the stage exhibition. He gave to each actress on her advent a long, close, scrutinizing examination. They wore the costumes of 1800 in New York, with the waists of their dresses binding three inches below their armpits, and were curious as well as handsome objects in this time of long, slender waists. The The war veteran bestowed a great deal of gaze, and seemingly a proportionate amount of admiration upon her. But in an orchestra seat was another deeply interested observer. This was Brick Pomeroy. Brick Pomeroy, who was her husband until divorce separated him from her. It was clear that Brick had a two-fold fascination in the actress. looked at her to see how her beauty had borne a lapse of five years since he had last seen her, and he saw a well preserved woman indeed. He was also keeping an eye on General Sherman, apparently to discover, if possible, the opinion of that veteran judge of feminine lovliness. I couldn't help wondering what exactly were the thoughts of an ex-husband under such circumstances.

The early closing season at the watering places and mountain resorts has se n and the pleasure-seeking army is on the home stretch, and making good time. As the New York woman says when she goes down the steps in June, and looks behind her at the tightly closed house, "Oh, how nice it will be to come back next September." I hope every woman didn't make the mistake that Mrs. Careful did Sherica in the strength of ful did. She was on her way to Europe. and after she was seated in the carriage bound for the boat, she remembered a hver pad that she had bought for the old

'I'll just run back to the parlor for it, said she. "Don't be a fool, but stop at the druggist's and buy another," said he.
"As if I would, after buying that," and out she climbed.

With three keys she let herself in, flew to the parlor, turned up the gas with the electric key and searched. Then she ran up to the front room, lighted the chandelier and found the pad. She chandeller and found the pad. She triumphantly made her way out of the house, locked it carefully up again, and rode away in victory, having had her way and saved an outlay of 75 cents. That was on June 3. She arrived here on September 3, and was astonished on reaching her house to find the parlors cheerfully lighted to receive her. She had forgotten to turn off the gas, and for forgotten to turn off the gas, and for three months, night and day, two burners have blazed away and illuminated the industry of the merry moth and the beautiful buffalo bug. When her husband pays

THIS SUMMER GAS BILL

he will think liver pads the most expensive things he ever struck. New York is full of celebrieties. Mrs. Paran Stevens is happy in the possession of a real English duke of the most virulent type, Marlborough, about whom am able to tell a pretty story. On Wellington street, just off the Strand, in London, there lived, about twelve years ago, a little widow who earried on a small business left by her husband, and found happiness in caring for an only and beautiful girl, the daughter of a dead sister. Edith was studying art at the school in Kensington, and every day she went to and fro unattended. On one of these excursions some little accident made her acquainted with a gentleman who was connected with the botanical gardens at Kew, somewhere in Kensing ton. She was forever meeting this friend and finally she took him home to Welling ton street and introduced him to her aunt "George Church" began to be a great favorite in the little shop. He took Edith and her aunt to Kew, he filled the house with flowers, and he sent a gardener to fix up a ten-foot roof with a veritable bower of roses. Tender passages were occurring between Edith and George, but Edith was prudent and auntie was watchful. In the mean time a young man connected with the mechanical part of the old Drury lane theatre took lodg-ings with the aunt. Manager George Conquest was getting up a panto mine. On the opening night, he got two places for his landlady and her beautiful niece, and bade them be in no hurry about getting out, as he would join them and take them home. So the two women stood on the stairs, and watched the occupants of the boxes as they came out after the performance. All of sudden the sharp-eyed old lady saw i group of elegant women, attended by a gentleman, emerge from box 21 on the grand tier. There was no mistaking the gentleman. He was George Chorchill, her niece's admirer. She glanced at Edith, That young man was watching a party in an opposite direction. Aunty kept her counsel, but she went direct to Mr. Roberts when she got him alone and Roberts when she got him alone, and set him about learning who had occupied box 21. Roberts learned that

LORD GEORGE CHURCHILL. now the duke of Marlborough, had used it and two others. Churchill had rooms in South Audley street and one morning the little widow went quietly around and asked for audience with the prospective duke. As she expected "George Church" sauntered into the room and was rather surprised when, instead of a terant with some grievances, he confronted Edith's aunt. She told him how she had discovered him to be Lord Churchill and begged him to forbear doing her innocent niece the great wrong of a further deception. To his credit be it related, he treated the

woman's appeal with sympathy.
"I wouldn't hurt a hair of your girl's head," he said, "the world is full of fair women who know me and have nothing to lose. Edith is bright and amusing and her ignorance of my condition in life has made ber a charming companion; but I

will see her no more, and I give you my word on it."

He kept it, Edith mourned her lost admirer, and wondered what had es-tranged him, but time dulled her interest and she came to think favorably of her aunt's lodger. Five years ago she mar-ried him. That the old lost friendship was not quité forgotten she showed when she named a bouncing boy George, "It was such a lovely name." That old aunt had an eye to business, for she sat down and wrote her noble friend that Edith was happily married and naming little. little Robertses after him. Amid all the divorce cases, with all their sentimental complications and legal excitements that hedged him round, the gentleman made out to hear and rejoice over one good woman among his acquaintances, for he sent a congratulatory letter with a check for \$500 to his godehild, and Edith heard for the first time that the lost George Church could be found in the duke of Mariborough. Mariborough. CLARA BELLE.

KISSED IN TO LIFE BY LOVE.

Buried on the Battle Field-His Fiance's Lean Into the Grave.

Anna Essenbash, a gracefully formed German girl, plump looking and neatly dressed, stood on tiptoe yesterday after-noon, says the New York Star, and held up a very pretty pair of red lips to be kissed by Mayor Whitney, of Brooklyn. The mayor looked willing, and, after glancing at the husband of the pretty girl ventured to avail himself of the proffered salute. As he had just married the couple before him, everybody con-sidered that he had earned the reward. but they were not so sure about Secretary Phillips' right to follow the mayor's ex-

ample as he did.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Krause then told the simple story of their life and love, which commenced in the village of Friederichsau, on the Rhine. Their experience somewhat resembled that of Romeo and Juliet, with the trifling ex-ception that it was the lover who was buried alive, and being rescued by his maiden fair he had no possible reason for committing suicide to slow music.

THE LITTLE BRIDE, who looked as picturesque as a figure or a bit of Dresden china, told her story with modest excitement after she had been judiciously prompted:

"Herman and I were born in Friederch-sau," she said, "and we played together as children. He used to carry me and my books to school, and we always loved each other, didu't we, Herman? Herman, who is as big and yellow-haired and good-natured looking as any German well could be, gave his little bride a fond look and remarked briefly:

"When Herman was eighteen years old he had to go away to the army, and oh! my heart was sad. I made him promise to always think of me, and I gave him a little bible to read. When the kaiser commenced to fight the French I knew Herman would have to go away to war in earnest, and, as I wanted to be near him, I joined the Red Cross Hospital During the battles I tried not to think of Herman, and remembered only the poor wounded men whom I nursed. AFTER THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE Herman did not come to see me or send me a message, as he always did, and

then I knew that there was something wrong. I got to where his regiment had been fighting, and there on the dark field I found men burying the dead. When I asked for him one of the soldiers looked as if he was very sorry, and pointed to a big hole in the ground which was half full of dead men. They said I went crazy, but I didn't. I was wild to kiss him just once, and for the last time, so I sprang into the trench, and before they stopped me I had scratched away the thin dirt on top of Herman's face and kissed him. I didn't remember anything more then, for I fainted.

"Afterward, when the soldiers went to bury more men, they saw that Herman had moved his head, so they knew he was alive, and they took his body out and sent him to the hospital. When I got well they told me a piece of shell had fract-ured his skull and that it had injured his brain so that he would always be insane. I saw him once when in his delirium, him, as I thought, forever. My father soon moved to this country and we lived in Brooklyn. One year ago I got a letter signed by my Herman, telling me that the doctors had taken out the piece of shell which had made him insane so many years, and that he still loved me. He landed at Castle Garden last week, and my father got him good work, so we came here to day to get married."

The little bride walked out of the mayor's office, leaning fondly on the arm of the stocial Herman, and gazing at him with evident admiration,

Based on the above incident, the following poem has been written for the BEE by Rev. G. W. Crofts, pastor of the Congregational church of Council Bluffs, whose poetical contributions have long since made for him a wide reputation as "the poet preacher."

LOVE IS THE CONQUEROR OF DEATH. With dust they sprinkled him over, For truly they thought he was dead: That dead was the soldier and lover, That ashes to ashes were wed.

They thought he was dead, and may be He was-I've not knowledge to say; I only know what they tell me, And that love has a marvelous way. In a book that is olden, we read Of wonderful life-giving wine, That maketh the lips of the dead To speak-that worketh with power di-

That wine, I imagine, is love,

Sacked by an invincible will, That moves as naught else can move,

That thrills as naught else can thrill. They were putting him under the sod, For dead they thought him to be; But love came like the power of God That once calmed the storm on the sea. It came like the prayer at the tomb Of Lazarus, in Bethany of old; When out of the mantle of gloom The sun burst in gleamings of gold. She begged but to kiss him again; And then into life all alone She'd go with her burden of pain,

To think of a star that once shone And had set in carnage and strife, In the dark horizon of war; The star of her hope and her life That once beamed so sottly afar. She kissed h im-her lover awoke, Aroused by that love-breathing kiss, While over the heavens there broke

Reflections of her ecstatic blis: . The violets open their eyes While spring blew a balmier breath; The angels looked down in surprise That love is the conqueror of death.

She Cured Her Lonesomeness. Savannah News: Jackson Palmer and Ella Anderson, a colored couple, marched into Justice Russell's office last evening, the damsel lesding the sheepish-looking Jackson by the hand. Approaching the rather bewildered justice, she produced an official looking paper that proved to be a marriage license, and thrusting it into his hands, began chewing her apron strings, as she said: "Mister, I'se been strings, as she said: "Mister, I'se been mity lonesum dis las' yeah an I'se wanted a man a heap. I dun cotched dis heah nigger, and we's gwine to get mar-ried. Dis is de fust time dat I eber came to sich a place as dis here, and we wants you to fix up the ratifaxions." Justice Russell's eyes opened wide, but he took in the situation and with the biggest grace imaginable, performed the ceremory, after which the smiling couple walked down the street, hand in hand, each casting terribie big sheep's eyes at the other.

CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE.

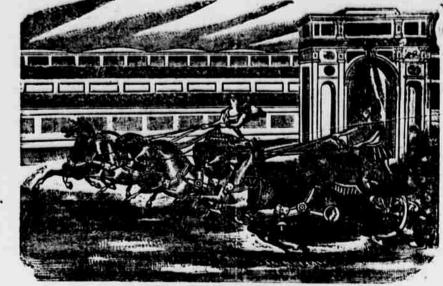
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Norfolk, Friday, Sept. 16,

and Council Bi

Fremont, Saturday, Sept. 17, Beatrice, Monday, Sept. 19, Lincoln, Tuesday, Sept. 20, Wahoo, Wednesday, Sept. 21, and Council Bluffs, Friday, Sept. 23.

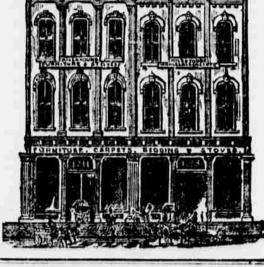


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